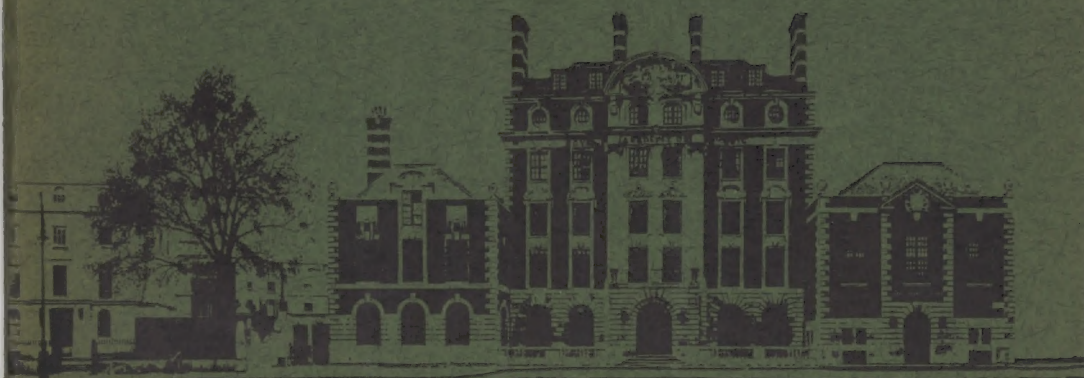


The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

No 190 Midsummer 1966



The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

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Edited by Robin Golding

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The major event during the last two terms was undoubtedly the performance of Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius* given by Academy students in St Paul's Cathedral on Wednesday 1 December, under the inspired direction of Sir John Barbirolli. The concert marked the culmination of many weeks of careful rehearsal of the orchestra and choir by Maurice Handford and Frederic Jackson, respectively, and of three days' concentrated work with Sir John himself, and the emotional impact of the performance is not likely to be forgotten by the members of the huge audience that gathered in the great cathedral on that bitter December evening. But for me the most electrifying experience was to hear the closing pages of Part I, in particular the rolling phrases at the words 'Go, in the name of Angels and Archangels', as they thundered out in the Duke's Hall during the final combined rehearsal on the Tuesday afternoon. One was not only convinced of the truth of Elgar's remark 'This is the best of me. . . . This is what I saw, and know. This, if anything of mine, is worth your memory', but one was reminded of Handel's words on completing his 'Hallelujah' Chorus: 'I did think I did see all Heaven before me, and the great God Himself'. *Gerontius* is, of course, a work that is particularly close to Sir John's heart, and one with which he has become more closely associated than perhaps any other living conductor. It is with his kind permission and that of EMI Records Ltd that we reproduce below the greater part of an article he himself wrote to accompany his recent recording of the work with Janet Baker, Richard Lewis, Kim Borg, the Hallé Orchestra and Choral Society.

'The Dream of Gerontius'—a personal note

Sir John Barbirolli



Photo by courtesy of 'The Guardian'

'Figlio mio, questo è un capolavoro sublime.' With these words Pope Pius XII raised me to my feet, after I had knelt before him to receive his blessing and thanks for a performance of the first part of *The Dream of Gerontius* given at his summer residence of Castel Gandolfo, by the Choir of Our Lady of Dublin, and three distinguished British soloists. The treasured memory of these noble and sensitively appreciative words is made all the more poignant when we remember that barely ten days were to elapse before His Holiness was to pass from this world, and that this was the last 'live' music he was to hear. I have often wondered what the feelings of Newman and Elgar would be if they could know that the last music he heard had been Elgar's setting of Newman's words 'Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul'.

But as I recall this, other memories crowd in, and I will go back to one of the earliest of these. Not long after leaving the army in 1919, as a regular deputy with the London Symphony Orchestra, I had the great good fortune (at the last desk of cellos) to take part in the first post-war Festival of the Three Choirs, held at Worcester in 1920. The Three Choirs Festival in those days, when Worcester was still a lovely country town, with Elgar's father's music shop still standing, could, I think, well be described as Elgar's Bayreuth. For a young man who loved Elgar's music, it was wonderful to see the great man, radiantly happy amongst his friends in the Cathedral precincts; more wonderful still to play *The Dream* under his direction, with that great and noble artist Gervase Elwes singing the Soul. I remember that Elgar conducted from memory (the antithesis of Vaughan Williams, who always averred that he could never remember a note of his own music)

and although he could not be called a great conductor by the highest professional technical standards, it was extraordinary how he could make you feel exactly what he wanted if you were in sympathy with him.

Now I come to the days when at last I had to study the work in detail for the preparation of my own first performance. I began to realise for the first time the great delicacy, imagination and subtlety of much of the scoring. (Alas, this is often obscured by lack of sufficient preparation. It is a work which has that dreaded reputation 'Everybody knows it' so that one rehearsal, or at most two, is deemed sufficient.) Amongst the many performances I have now conducted, of course some of the most poignantly beautiful memories must be those in which the beloved Kathleen Ferrier took part, including the very last one she was to sing—at the Edinburgh Festival of 1950 with the Hallé Orchestra and Choir. There was an almost prophetic beauty of utterance in her singing of 'My work is done, my task is o'er'.

The next milestone for me was the opportunity afforded me, through the enthusiasm and indefatigable efforts of Sir Ashley Clarke (then British Ambassador in Rome) to give the first performance in Italy—incredible though this may seem—in the centenary year of Elgar's birth, with the magnificent collaboration of the orchestra and chorus of the RAI in Rome. Never shall I forget the look of joyful surprise and enthusiasm on the faces of orchestra and chorus at the first rehearsal, when the wonders of the work unfolded themselves. Incidentally, since Italian and English are mother tongues to me, the very voluble comments on the work did not escape me. Such was the great impression created by this performance and broadcast, that the next year I was invited, with the Choir of Our Lady of Dublin, to the 'Sagra Umbra' (Sacred Music Festival of the Umbrian Province) to give



Photo by courtesy of 'The Guardian'

performances of *The Dream* and also *Messiah*, in Perugia, in the lovely old Morlacchi Theatre there; this time with the splendid orchestra of the Maggio Fiorentine.

The Dream of Gerontius has strong links with the Hallé Orchestra. Its first performance, at the Birmingham Festival on 3 October 1900, was conducted by my great predecessor, Hans Richter, who had taken over the Hallé a year before. Although that performance was a disaster, due to many causes, one of which undoubtedly was Richter's underestimation of its difficulties, Elgar did not blame the conductor. Richter however blamed himself, and he did not conduct it again until he had had ample time to prepare it and to rehearse the choir fully. On 12 March 1903, Manchester heard the work for the first time. A critic of the day who was also one of Elgar's earliest champions, Arthur Johnstone, had attended every performance of *Gerontius* including the two in Germany, and he declared this second attempt of Richter's to be the finest of all. It is particularly interesting to read that Richter attached great importance to the quality and balance of the semi-chorus.

In fine, it is a work exulting and exalted, written as only lasting masterpieces can be, in a constant white heat of inspiration. In this wise, it is very instructive and amusing to recall W H Reed's charming remembrance of a remark made to him by Elgar as they came out of Lincoln Cathedral after a performance of *The Dream*. 'Billy, I believe there is a lot of stuff called double counterpoint, or whatever they call it, in that.' Of course, that is the right way round to write 'that stuff', when it comes out of the bones and tissue of the music and is not imposed on it from a species of cerebral hangover.

Of the Academy performance—and I am speaking of the performers now, and not the interpreter, no praise could possibly be too high. The response of those so gifted young people, instrumentalists and singers alike, brought great joy to my heart, and I have never felt prouder of my old school since the days of the early 'thirties when I conducted those remarkable student performances (with alternate casts) of *Falstaff* and *Die Meistersinger*.

My debt to Sir Thomas Armstrong is great, and to his name must be added those of Maurice Handford, who prepared the orchestra, and Frederic Jackson, who prepared the chorus. Without their magnificent work such a performance would have been quite impossible. I am happy and delighted to have this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to them and to all those students who made this such a remarkable day in my musical life.

The death of Dame Myra Hess at the age of seventy-five on 25 November 1965, at her home in St John's Wood, brought a long and distinguished career to a close. Though her training actually began at the Guildhall School of Music, she won a scholarship at the RAM at the early age of twelve, and worked there with the much-loved Tobias Matthay, who was undoubtedly the most important musical influence in her life. (She and her great friend Irene Scharrer were fellow-pupils—and what a remarkable pair they must have been!) At the age of seventeen Myra made her début at Queen's Hall in a concert conducted by young Mr Thomas Beecham, when she characteristically chose

to play the Beethoven G major Concerto, later to become so closely associated with her eloquently poetic interpretation. Making a public career was a slow business—a little account-book faithfully kept by her mother shows that the nett receipts of one concert, after deducting cab-fares and other expenses, amounted to 17s 6d—so she did a considerable amount of teaching to help make ends meet. Gradually, however, the quiet authority and very individual beauty of her playing began to make their mark, first in Holland, then in this country, and finally and overwhelmingly in the USA, where she had a unique place in the affections of the public ever since her first tour in 1922.



Whenever Myra walked on to the platform she made the audience feel that they were friends with whom she was going to share the music she loved. Besides this warmth of personality, there was the striking beauty of her piano tone, that could so easily persuade us that even that recalcitrant instrument can sing. There was the complete and dedicated absorption in the music, and the ability to re-create it with absolute spontaneity, as though it were being played and heard for the first time. And finally, there was a depth of imagination, humanity, and instinctive understanding, that led one effortlessly to the composer's profoundest thought. The latter was specially noticeable during and after the war years, when her playing of Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert seemed to acquire a new dimension. One remembers particularly the last three Beethoven sonatas, his G major Concerto (how tragic that she could never be persuaded to record it), all twenty-one Mozart concertos, and the great Schubert sonatas in A minor, D 845, and B flat major, D 960.

Her fundamental seriousness was always spiced by an enchanting sense of fun and humour, as anyone might guess who heard her play a Scarlatti sonata, a Mozart finale, or Schumann's *Carnaval*. Once during the war she said to me: 'If I'm blown sky-high tomorrow, I suppose the papers will print the usual pious

Obituary

Dame Myra Hess

obituaries, but if they do, promise to write and say that there was nothing I enjoyed more than a good, earthy joke.' And how true it was!

Another essential part of Myra's make-up was her devotion to chamber music, and this led to what was perhaps the most remarkable episode in her life: the founding of the daily lunch-time National Gallery Concerts of chamber music, which began on 10 October 1939, continued without a break through the air raids, flying-bomb attacks and rockets of the war, and only ended in April 1946 when the Gallery could no longer accommodate them. Their original purpose was to make good the total lack of music caused by the closing of all concert halls on the outbreak of war; but this was soon transcended, and countless Londoners and visitors to London, civilian and service alike, came to look on the concerts as a haven of sanity in a distraught world. In order to organise and appear in them, Myra cancelled an extensive tour in the United States, and refused every invitation to return there while the concerts lasted. Thus she became an acknowledged leader of the musical profession in this country, as was officially recognised when she was made a Dame Commander of the British Empire in 1941, and was awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society and honorary doctorates by the Universities of Durham, London, Cambridge, Manchester, Leeds, St Andrews and Reading.

The interests of the RAM were always very close to her heart. She was a Fellow and, latterly, a Director; and though her busy life of travel did not leave a great deal of time for revisiting it, one could always be sure that she would turn up punctually each year to judge the Bach Prize she had endowed in memory of Harold Samuel, whose playing she so greatly admired.

In the early 1960s Myra's health began to deteriorate. Arthritis of the hands, together with a circulatory disorder, eventually made concert work impossible. And though she found some satisfaction in once more picking up the threads of teaching—Stephen Bishop, the young American pianist, was an outstanding pupil—it was perhaps too late to reorientate such an active life in a way that could have made retirement as enjoyable as it was well-earned.

It would be wrong, however, to end on this rather sad note. Throughout her life, Myra never hesitated to pay the price of her utter devotion to music; and we, who benefited so immeasurably by this single-mindedness, can only be humbly thankful that it was so. She was richly gifted, and she always gave richly of her gifts: for besides being a great pianist, she was a rare, warm-hearted, and intensely lovable human being.

Howard Ferguson

Erik Satie (1866–1925)—an appreciation

Leighton Lucas

One hundred years ago Erik Satie was born at Honfleur in Normandy. His parents were small-time musicians: his father an obscure composer and publisher, his mother (who was of Scottish descent) a writer of trifling piano pieces. Satie's story is undramatic and his musical output meagre and not immediately impressive; yet there is a fascination about this enigmatic figure—smiled at and derided on the one hand, and venerated on the other—that invites further investigation.

It is difficult to discuss his music in a short essay without musical examples, and these would not be desirable unless I



From a sketch by A. Frueh

intended to submit a technical analysis of his work, which I do not. It would, therefore, be tempting to substitute an amused appreciation of his verbal wit ('M Ravel has refused the Légion d'honneur, but all his music accepts it') for a reasoned assessment of his oeuvre, but this would be a mistake since it would imply that the substance was being rejected for the sake of the shadow, and would ignore the core of real musical sincerity underlying the arabesques of nonsense with which Satie consciously overlaid his music.

In his excellent book on the composer Rollo H Myers poses the suggestion that the facade of 'funny' titles with which Satie decorated his music was not intended merely to 'épater les bourgeois', but was used as a mask: a smoke-screen to conceal his fundamental shyness and sense of insecurity. It is almost as though he were too urbane to wear his heart on his sleeve. Adopting this mask of cynical disillusionment he tries to create the impression that he is not involved emotionally. One can find little in Satie's music that is truly 'comic': not for him the rustic gaiety of Haydn or the sophisticated *saloperies* of Offenbach. There is in every work a sense of melancholy and 'loneliness', however ridiculous the title—*Trois morceaux en forme de poire*; *Aperçus désagréables*; *Croquis et agaceries d'un gros bonhomme en bois*; *Chapitres tournées en tous sens*; *Trois Gymnopédies*, etc. Indeed every writer on Satie has used the adjective 'lonely'. Constant Lambert, in *Music Ho!*, refers to 'this solitary figure'; Wilfred Mellers, in his *Studies in Contemporary Music*, also speaks of Satie's 'loneliness', as do Rollo H Myers and Satie's pupil Henri Sauguet. A less sympathetic critic wrote of Satie's 'Retour offensif à la simplicité, à la mélodie, à la consonance la plus ingénue; retour à Bach si timide qu'on pourrait parfois penser qu'il s'agit plutôt d'un retour à Clementi', and of his 'maladresses d'écriture voulues'. But he was forced to concede that this 'personnage paradoxal' had succeeded in supplying a strong impulse to various musical movements.

It is true that Satie seems to stand as an isolated phenomenon in the history of music, owing nothing to his predecessors or his contemporaries, and leaving no followers in the true sense of the word—this in spite of the much publicised 'École d'Arceuil', which can hardly be described as a 'school' but was rather a collection of devoted admirers who gladly accepted Satie's return to simplicity as a form of protest both against the opulence of the Romantics and the lushness of the Impressionists. No instruction appears to have been given in the 'École', and I am convinced that it was merely a social centre for admirers of this 'personnage paradoxal'. The four members of the school were Henri Cliquet-Pleyel, Roger Desormière (who abandoned a promising career as a composer to become one of the finest conductors in Europe), Maxime Jacob and Henri Sauguet. It is tempting to conjecture how much of Satie's naïveté was assumed deliberately, and how much was due to his lack of formal musical education. Apparently he spent only one year at the Paris Conservatoire, though when he was forty he studied under Vincent d'Indy and Albert Roussel at the Schola Cantorum, which suggests that he was unsure of his technical prowess. Yet Roussel said of him 'He has nothing to learn, he is *fort musicien*'.

His orchestration is thin and bleak. Abjuring the temptations of the Impressionist palette, he contents himself with a flat, slightly monotonous orchestral texture that is not immediately inviting. Again I hesitate to pose this as a criticism. It may well have been

a formal, deliberate renunciation of the *fin de siècle* opulence of Debussy, Ravel and d'Indy. Ironically, Satie's best-known work is the third *Gymnopédie*, which was orchestrated by Debussy (and recorded on 78s by both Koussevitzky and Stokowski). Beautiful though it is, it suffers from the fault of being more like Debussy than Satie. Gone is the plaintive, archaic simplicity of the original piano piece, to be replaced by a gorgeous tapestry of Impressionistic colour that alters the character of the work completely and substitutes a pointillistic haze for the classical lucidity of the original. The first and third of these strange works were orchestrated by Debussy, and the second by Herbert Murrill, very much in the Debussy manner; and it is a wonderful experience to conduct all three of them together in one programme, as I have done on several occasions. As Constant Lambert put it, it is like looking at a piece of sculpture from three opposing viewpoints.

The *Deux Préludes et une Gnossienne* have been most sympathetically orchestrated by Poulenc, the posthumous *Jack-in-the-Box* magnificently by Milhaud, the *Messe des pauvres* and a *Passacaille* by David Diamond. I also remember hearing a fine score of Satie's *Trois valse du précieux dégouté* by Constant Lambert; I imagine that it remains in manuscript.

The most interesting aspect of Satie's music from a technical point of view is his curiously personal use of harmony. He invents no new chords, and there are no 'wrong-note' harmonies; all is traditional except in the juxtaposition of apparently unrelated chords. Unrelated common chords possess an element of 'shock' quite as strong as discords. The feeling of disinvolvement is strangely disturbing, yet the music is very static and always ruminative. Even in *Parade*, the ballet he wrote for Diaghilev, nothing really happens—despite the fact that it is a circus piece. Cocteau's libretto stresses the fact. This is one of Satie's best works, and contains many characteristic features: hypnotic ostinatos, long pedal notes, short-breathed melodic phrases of a child-like simplicity, and, to open the proceedings, a magnificent chorale.

The Satie bibliography is small, and consists only of Rollo H Myers's *Erik Satie* (Dobson), a fascinating chapter in Constant Lambert's *Music Ho!* (Faber & Faber), an erudite and sympathetic discussion in Wilfred Mellers's *Studies in Contemporary Music* (Dobson), and Robert Bernard's article in *La musique des origines à nos jours* (Larousse). As for his influence on his contemporaries, let me draw attention to Roland-Manuel's statement that the fourth movement of Ravel's *Ma Mère l'Oye*, entitled *Les entretiens de la Belle et de la Bête*, is a fourth *Gymnopédie*! Certainly the serpentine melody in 3:4 over such tenuous harmony might well have come from Satie's pen.

Most of the music is available and can be found at United Music Publishers Ltd. *Socrate* is published in vocal score by Schott (the full score is—characteristically—still in manuscript), and I am glad to say that Salabert have recently printed a miniature score of *Parade*. This is a great relief to me as I well remember how terrified I was to receive the original manuscript by air from Paris. This hair-raising experience was repeated every time I broadcast the work, and I like to think that my anguished protests had something to do with the eventual publication of the miniature score. There are few records. I have mentioned the third *Gymnopédie* already; there exists a recording for voice and piano (the piano part sympathetically played by Henri Sauguet) of the

last movement of *Socrate*; three of the *Petites pièces montées*, two of the *Gnossiennes*, and the *Morceaux en forme de poire* are also obtainable.

In this centenary year I would be happy to see the Academy arrange a performance of one or two works by this unjustly neglected composer—why not even a complete Satie concert, including both orchestral and chamber music? If I have stimulated the interest of a few students in Satie's music I shall feel that my special pleading may be forgiven.

(Perhaps I may add, by way of postscript, part of Stravinsky's vivid description of Satie, quoted in Robert Craft's *Conversations with Igor Stravinsky* (Faber & Faber). 'He was certainly the oddest person I have ever known, but the most rare and consistently witty person, too. I had a great liking for him and he appreciated my friendliness, I think, and liked me in return. With his pince-nez, umbrella, and galoshes he looked a perfect schoolmaster, but he looked just as much like one without these accoutrements. He spoke very softly, hardly opening his mouth, but he delivered each word in an inimitable, precise way. His handwriting recalls his speech to me: it is exact, drawn. His manuscripts were like him also, which is to say as the French say '*fin*'. No one ever saw him wash—he had a horror of soap. Instead he was forever rubbing his fingers with pumice. He was always very poor, poor by conviction, I think. He lived in a poor section and his neighbours seemed to appreciate his coming among them: he was greatly respected by them. His apartment was also very poor. It did not have a bed but only a hammock. In winter Satie would fill bottles with hot water and put them in a row underneath his hammock. It looked like some strange kind of marimba. I remember once when someone had promised him some money he replied: 'Monsieur, what you have said did not fall on a deaf ear.'—Ed.)

Treviso and the Italian National Piano Competition

George Rogers

The vitality of Italy in the twenty years since the end of the war has been astonishing in every field. Arbiter of elegance in matters of fashion from cars to clothing, her contribution has been most significant in all visual arts, architecture and music. This activity is not only the fruition of the individual talent but also the projection of a dialectical environment that feels passionately its cultural responsibilities. The interplay between creative capacity and articulated belief is all-important, and there is an underlying functionalism in Italy that must be inspired, pursued or justified not merely aesthetically but on religious, social or philosophical grounds as well.

After the last war, also as a reaction against the inflated chauvinism of the Fascist era, Italian artists were awakened to a sense of European and worldly solidarity, showing a dialectical social consciousness of the problems of man and of art.

In this very scientific and technological age, the Italian Government, unlike the English, holds a noble awareness that culture cannot be separated from civilisation. And the Italians have the will, the structures and the organisations to meet the challenge. Their Ministry of Education has two branches each with a Minister, one of them dedicated to art and culture; there is the Ministry of Tourism and Entertainment; the Italian Broadcasting Corporation; and the stupendous ENAL, a national institution that provides all kinds of cultural and sporting activities after

work. The cooperative effort of these state agencies is amply supported by local authorities, industrial and commercial institutions and private enterprise, wherever the need arises.

Evidence of what can be done and how it can be done was superbly demonstrated in two piano competitions: the International one in Bolzano and the National one in Treviso. Performing is in some ways a cruel profession, and competitions are highly demanding as they impose great nervous stresses. It may well be that occasionally the winners are people more suited for such tests than perhaps the best musicians. Recent history has, however, shown that competitions do also highlight the best. In 1939 at the first International competition for performers in Geneva the adjudicators heard unexpectedly from behind the screen at the preliminaries a superb pianist: 'another Horowitz or what?' It was Arturo Benedetti-Michelangeli, who had arrived from Brescia by train on a single third-class ticket! Jörg Demus won the Busoni Competition in 1956, John Ogdon and Vladimir Ashkenazy the Tchaikovsky one in Moscow in 1962.

The competitions I mention are not only a means for bringing forth, more often than not, the best artists; they also create a stimulating environment for candidates, adjudicators, journalists and the public. As against the negative deterrent of destruction, in their own way these artistic gatherings proclaim the positive assertion of love, the most potent deterrent of all. And love is a creative act. People of all nationalities forge and foster a link on the common ground of a common dedication. To be a part of it, to live in it, is to partake of a positive faith, unlike the sour exchanges of distrust as exhibited in the forum of politics. Politicians are far too much in the limelight, 'prima donnas' without the gift of a golden voice or the infallible text of an authentic creator. If international political conferences were to be held in winter on the Highlands of Scotland under canvas, agreements would be reached much sooner.

Italy, of course, can provide settings where man, nature and art blend to inspire that reverence for life which Schweitzer proclaimed, and stimulate a *joie de vivre* for which the Latin countries have a talent. Treviso and its countryside, called 'The Garden of Venice', lies at the centre of a confluence of small rivers; shimmering waters, lanky poplars, willows weeping on the embankments, profuse greenness everywhere from the plains to the mountains where even the snow reflects the blue of the sky.

The villages and Ville Venete, whose Palladian influence can be seen even here (as at Chiswick House, for example) are inlaid with historical memories: the breath-taking peace of the English War Cemetery at Montello; the Rock of Asolo, where Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus from 1498, held court for twenty years, assembling around her brilliant intellects, poets and artists; the church of St Francis in Treviso, where are buried the son of Dante and the daughter of Petrarch; Castelfranco, where Giorgione was born; Possagno, where Canova erected his own mausoleum in his sugary neo-classicism; Castel Roganzuolo, where Titian had a loggia and church built for him as payment for some frescoes he had painted, and from where he could view Vittorio Veneto and the house of his married daughter.

The sublime Eleonora Duse, the actress, spent her last years at Asolo and was buried there; her house now belongs to Lord Iveagh. There is a long connection between the English and those hills. Robert Browning arrived there on foot from Venice as a young man, and returned in later years. 'I can assure you', he

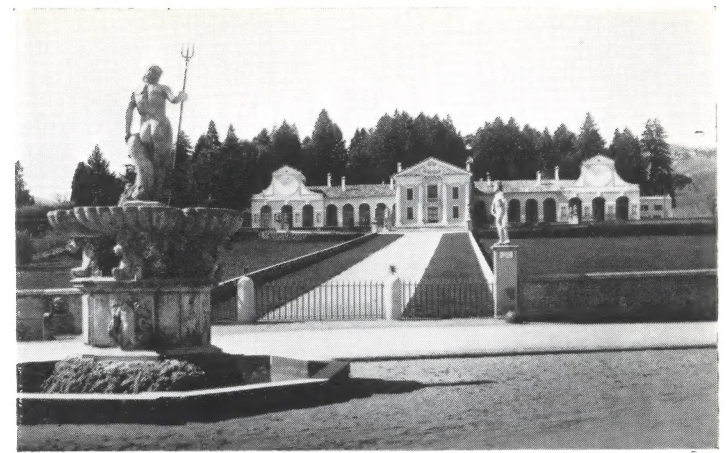


Photo by courtesy of Beppi Mazzotti

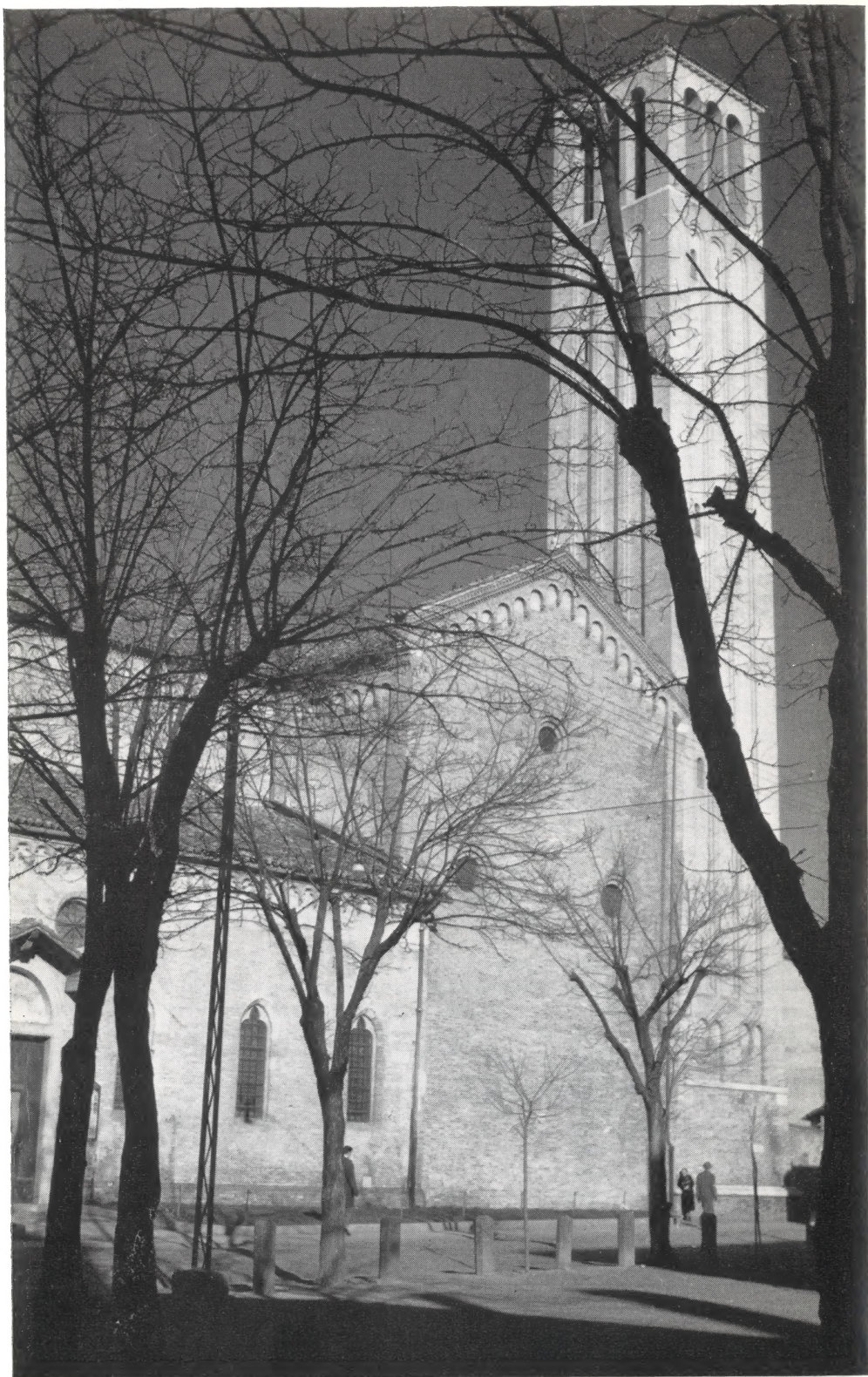
Treviso (Maser). Palladio's Villa Barbaro

wrote, 'that with my experience of the most beautiful views of Italy and other countries I know nothing that can be compared to the sight one enjoys from the Queen of Cyprus's Palace.'

From her retreat at Asolo Freya Stark, writer and explorer, keeps a watchful eye on the preservation of its beauty; nor can one overlook the beneficial influence of that grand old man of Italian music Gian Francesco Malipiero, who, together with his English wife (who died a year ago), shirked no risks in order to give protection to escaped British prisoners of war in their home during the last war.

Under the arch of one of the gates leading into Treviso, the Porta S Tommaso, one reads 'Dominus custodiat introitum et exitum tuum' ('May the Lord protect your entrance and your exit'). For centuries Treviso has been renowned for its hospitality and courtesy, and with good reason. No detail that could contribute to our comfort and pleasure was overlooked. Signor Campeol of the Restaurant Beccherie, winner of innumerable international cooking competitions, provided a tantalising variety of regional food, wines and spirits. If the palate receives here the acknowledgment it deserves, it is because everything contributes to the plenitude of life.

The Lord Mayor of Treviso, with his ruddy complexion, bull neck and infectious *bonhomie*, gives of himself in every direction. A partisan during the last war, and a publisher by profession, he and his friends founded the Centre for the Agricultural Education and Cooperation in the region, a bold step towards a co-operative organisation among peasants. The Agricultural Professional Institute for the sons of the peasants, at Castelfranco, is a model of its kind, and was instrumental in convincing a stubborn, outdated peasantry that, with the help of science and technology, the countryside can contribute as much as the town to the general welfare. A Rural Domestic Science School prepares the women to take their rightful place in this cooperative society of the land. But it should not be thought that only regional problems are in the fore. A pact of brotherhood has been established between Treviso, Orleans, and Dundee. And during the time of the Italian Piano Competition in Treviso the distinguished French writer M Secretain, mayor of Orleans, was paying a visit with a large delegation.



Treviso. Church of San
Francesco

Photo by courtesy of Beppe
Mazzotti

The Marca Trevigiana has a live lay patronal saint in the colourful, eclectic personality of Beppe Mazzotti. The powerful shoulders and rhythmical gait of the alpinist hide the sensitivity of a poet enamoured of his region. Art, nature, traditions are all explored and expressed in masterly fashion by his pen and in his superb photos. Looking like a country doctor of the last century he fights relentlessly for the preservation and restoration of the glory of his native land. Rome must bless him and curse him in the same breath.

Creative living implies choice. And in order to choose one must know what to exclude. In the end it is precisely this knowledge that makes for artistic truth and style. It is applicable to every level of musical life. The institution of the solo concert is about 130 years old and Liszt was apparently the first performer to do away with the supporting cast. In a letter to the Princess Belgiojoso he wrote: 'I have ventured to give a series of concerts all by myself, and affecting the style of Louis XIV I could say to the public "Le concert c'est moi".' The one-man-recital, that he called a musical soliloquy, was established. The interpreter became a focal point of interest. His orientation and style have varied tremendously from age to age. It may well be that these diversities of approach to performance are a providential way of keeping alive and deepening our outlook on music.

The eighteenth century was a turning-point in the relationship between composer and interpreter, with the appearance of a new attitude engendered by the disappearance of the figured bass and the appearance of a binding script of a more rigid nature than had been known hitherto. Our epoch, fondly devoted to all kinds of analysis—psychological, historical, technological—has developed 'musicology', and, relying on its findings, has encouraged a pharisaic attitude of obeying the letter of the holy writ at the expense, at times, of the spirit of music. And only too often one forgets that many baroque classical or romantic composers fully expected their music to be changed by the interpreter. It was, indeed, not long ago that improvising was not merely accepted but demanded, and the interpreter was steeped in a tradition of greater personal freedom of expression.

The notion that as interpreters we must reproduce the 'intentions of the composer' is rather peculiar and, when applied to the past, blatantly anachronistic. Besides, I believe that the compositional act and the interpretative act spring from different spheres of man's creativity. And I cannot see why an interpreter of talent should not be endowed with a greater insight and greater means of expressing a particular work than the composer himself. When Beethoven heard Marie Bigot de Morogues playing one of his sonatas, he said 'That is not exactly the reading I should have given, but go on; if it is not exactly myself, it is something better.'

As for fulfilling the 'composer's intentions' . . . it would raise a scream if we were to follow Schindler's account of the Sonata in G, Op. 14, as played by Beethoven himself: *ritardandos galore*; holding down particular notes longer than the prescribed time; accentuation of the fourth note of sextuplets; *tempo andantino* imparted to a singing passage in the *allegro*; up-beats deliberately stressed . . . they are all described in detail. And to the everlasting joy of all conservatoires he mentions six sonatas, 'all pictures of feeling; and in every movement Beethoven varied the tempo as the feelings changed'!



Treviso. Houses on the
Stile

Photo by courtesy of Beppi
Mazzotti

Today's attitude—a fairly recent one—is the adherence, or supposed adherence, to the binding script. Busoni himself, when reproached for re-fashioning parts of Franck's *Prélude, Chorale et Fugue* answered simply and unabashed that Franck did not always know how to obtain his intended effects and that therefore he, Busoni, had tried his hand at it and could not see anything sacred or inviolate in the printed note. He was following a long historical tradition which was seeking musical rather than textual truth.

It is well nigh impossible to define that magical balance which gives us the right perspective between the personality of the composer and the personality of the interpreter.

Stravinsky says 'An executant's talent lies precisely in his faculty for seeing what is actually in the score and certainly not in a determination to find what he would like to find.' The faculty for seeing is the famous *saper vedere* of Leonardo da Vinci. The creative eye, the creative search, the loving and desperate exploration. Then a flash of illumination and something is revealed. It is this quality of revelation that distinguishes the creative act of the real interpreter from the licence of the freak or the fraud.

One expected high standards from the thirty-odd young pianists who had come from every corner of Italy to compete in Treviso, and the task of the adjudicating board was not made easier by the fact that such standards were not commonly achieved. Gabriele Bianchi, Director of the Conservatorio Benedetto Marcello of Venice, presided. Corpulent, with a large face that folded into pale jowls, and a brilliant *raconteur*, he could transmute the soft intimacy of his native dialect into the thunder of elegiac Italian. On one side Renzo Silvestri, Vice-President of the ancient Accademia di S Cecilia, presented fine taut features that would have made him an ideal film interpreter of either Liszt in his youth or Ravel in old age. Vincenzo Vitale of Naples, on the other side, seemed to have stepped down from an El Greco: a bald chivalrous head and the huge hairy hands of a mediaeval monk or of a Mafia strangler. Aldo Voltolin, small and wiry, seemed the incarnation of the American reporter: dynamic, searching, informal. Professor Giazotto, scholarly, elegant and reserved, suggested the type that would fit the rarefied productive atmosphere of an Oxford college. Maestro Pertile was equally sensitive to music and to feminine beauty. Dr Piamonte, music critic, exuded the quietness of the entomologist with the courage of the martyr, should the need arise. Cav Urbani, secretary and organiser, was the omnipresent providence.

The young competitors shared in different measure their love for music, even if their love was not evenly reciprocated by music. But in an age where material values seem paramount, where so many pursue easy money and easy pleasures, it was comforting to meet the ennobling sacrifice of that youth. Their dedication to music entailed long, often frustrating hours of solitary work, an unrelenting quest in the dark so as to produce the occasional flicker of light which was the most that many could exorcise.

Arts differ widely. Plastic arts once released from their creators seem to live an independent life, separated from the creative act that begot them. But music, like most arts unfolding in time, requires an interpreter; someone who retraces for us the creative process so that the work never seems separated from the act that gave it birth. Each interpreter links a new umbilical cord to the composition, feeding it, making it grow, releasing it to the world. And every piece of music is resurrected by thousands of births, alas, even if too often as an abortion. Music cannot be

inert. It is not matter modified by moulding hands. Music is something that we possess as we are contained by it, and what we carry is not a finished product, like a child, but a potential fertility that will beget the work ever more. It is as if the composition were endowed with a feminine quality that required the masculine activity of the interpreter to bring itself to life. And what appeals even more than the interpretation is the interpreter who fathers a composition anew. Of course a performance expresses the interpretation, but even more so and at a deeper level, the interpreter: the whole man in his gesture, his emotional intellect, his historical climate. No other artist takes the same risk of unfolding his creative act in front of the world as does the musical interpreter.

In Treviso they spoke of this National Competition as a testing and selecting ground from which to choose the pianists to be sent to international competitions. Press and musicians described it as an exhibition of the different Italian pianistic schools. Of this I could find no trace, and I believe that by 'schools' they merely meant the individual teachers in charge of the individual students.

There are, naturally enough, national characteristics that may influence a performance. We almost expect the French pianist to be crisp and elegant; the German pensive, at times almost ponderously so, and dreamily romantic; the Russians and the Slavs generally passionate, deeply human and dazzling; the Italian lively, often carried away; the American searching for a balance between sleek technical efficiency and human warmth.

After all I have said in praise of the Italian cultural climate, it is sad to say that the Italian competitors showed many weaknesses, and, invidious as it may appear, I am inclined to believe that our schools of piano are better than theirs. They pay too little attention to tone production: rarely did the instrument find its natural voice in the hands of the competitors. Too often dynamics were overdone or underdone. It was hard to believe that many of the players were not able to render correctly rhythmic figures—such as a dotted quaver followed by a semiquaver. The essence of a musical discourse, the exchange of phrases, was in the consciousness of no-one; the style of Beethoven and the Viennese school seemed painfully alien to most of them.

The most remarkable performance was the *Sonatina Canonica* by Dallapiccola as given by Risaliti of Florence: a lucid, objective, deeply thought-out rendering such as one would have expected from a Gieseking or a Richter. On the other hand any other composer tackled by Risaliti disintegrated in his hands. This young man had a quaint, almost Chinese sensitivity that will challenge all his faculties for some time before he can handle other styles. Franco Medori of Rome was the winner. But although he is endowed with virtuosic gifts, integrity and artistic feelings, these qualities were not sufficiently sustained and developed. Scotese, who was the only one able in the semi-finals to make of the piano a living, natural-sounding instrument, showed in the finals a distressing lack of discipline and a distastefully operatic vein of self-exhibitionism: a pity, in view of his remarkable potentialities. As often happens, the organisers are to be censured for imposing excessively virtuosic programmes. If they carry on like this an Alfa-Romeo would fit the bill better than a Steinway. Nor can I feel any gratitude to them for having chosen as a set piece for the finalists something engineered in dodecatonic

technique, as if this could be a ticket of admission to the world of music when all other prerequisites were missing.

In these days when a pneumatic drill or a rocket is emblematic; when we are considered as economic entities or industrial end-products rather than as human beings; why not entrust to the humanities, to music, a more contemplative rôle? Too many performers seem to work under the aegis of the Minister of Transport, determined to find the quickest way of going from one end of the keyboard to the other. Not a Nocturne, hardly an *Adagio*! Tonal quality, the capacity of glimpsing a universe in the quivering rainbow of one note, the tenderness of love rather than mechanical aggressiveness . . . how sorely one missed them all!

Italy blessed by God, nature and man; inspired and obstinate, sceptical and bigoted, friendly and fiery, carefree and bureaucratically stifling, is overburdened by some mania of grandeur. And I believe that studies and syllabuses are overburdened too. But tons of quantity are bound to be destructive and impede a serene and devoted search for quality. Too many of the candidates at the National Piano Competition of Treviso seemed bred on and filled with undigested material. If the responsible authorities in Italy will only realise that the suit should be cut for the man and not the man for the suit, then their lovable and vibrant youth will be able to give more in insight and their craftsmanship will improve.

In Busoni's Master Class

David Chesterman

If you happen to be walking along a quiet road in London's Holland Park area you may hear, as you pass a house with a green door, the sound of Bach's D minor Chaconne, in the piano transcription by Ferruccio Busoni (who was born on 1 April 1866). It will be Miss Rosamond Ley, a member of Busoni's Basel Master Class in 1910, giving a piano lesson. Miss Ley studied at the RAM between 1898 and 1905. Now eighty-three, she lives with her niece, the actress Phillada Sewell. I was shown into a large room containing two Steinway grands. On the walls were portraits of Busoni and Liszt. Busoni once had a beard, but shaved it off in the summer of 1903. However, the manager of his forthcoming American tour considered it indispensable to success, so he grew it again and shaved it off finally the following year.

I asked Miss Ley how she first came to hear Busoni. 'Tickets for piano recitals were sometimes available to students, and I got one. After that I rarely missed his London recitals. One night at dinner a friend gave me a letter of introduction to him. I sent it off, not expecting any reply, but he fixed a meeting at the Wigmore Studios where I played Chopin to him. He sent me to study with Egon Petri in Manchester, and later I joined his Basel Master Class. I remember playing César Franck's *Variations Symphoniques* and Liszt's A major Concerto, with Busoni at the second piano. He dedicated a duet to Ursula Creighton and me—his arrangement of Mozart's Fantasia in F minor for a mechanical organ. We played it at a concert in Cambridge, a place Busoni particularly loved—he enjoyed having supper after a concert in one of the Colleges.

'There were sometimes a hundred of us in the Master Class, playing, listening and watching. How did he play? Everything was in the monumental manner—even short Chopin Preludes. Pas-



Busoni's Master Class in Basel, 1910 (detail). Centre (hat in hand), Busoni; on his right, Edward Steuermann. Centre of back row (in hat), Gerda Busoni; on her left Rosamond Ley and Ursula Creighton.

sages which most pianists play dreamily and tenderly he would bring out with a solidity and dignity which was almost severe. In London he usually appeared at the Wigmore Hall (it was called the Bechstein Hall until 1918). In the artists' room today you'll see his photograph on the wall, inscribed "To dear Wigmore Hall".

Miss Ley opened the book of Busoni's letters and essays which she translated in 1957 (*The Essence of Music*—Rockliff) and pointed out a passage in which Busoni had laid down twelve golden rules for pianists. 'Always combine technical practise with study of the interpretation; the difficulty, often, does not lie in the notes but in the dynamic shading prescribed. . . . Never be carried away by temperament, for that dissipates strength, and where it occurs there will always be a blemish, like a dirty spot which can never be washed out of a material. . . . Bach is the foundation of piano playing, Liszt the summit. The two make Beethoven possible.'

'How did you come to translate these papers?'

'Gerda, his wife, asked me to do it.'

'Did she play the piano too?'

'Yes, but she didn't like Busoni to listen to her. Once she was playing and saw him behind the glass panel of the door. She went and put her fist right through it! But they were very happily married.'

I looked at a concert notice framed on the wall:

Concerto del pianista
FERRUCCIO BUSONI
Parma, Ridotto del Teatro Regio
Martedì, 13 Maggio, 1913
Ore 21

The programme opened with the Bach Chaconne, included some Chorales in Busoni's transcription, Chopin Preludes, Paganini-Busoni, Paganini-Liszt, and ended with the Brahms Paganini Variations.

'You were there?'

'Yes. I was.'

Miss Ley said Busoni had clear views on the question of transcriptions. An original musical idea was thought of neither for piano nor organ, nor orchestra. It was music. The sound-medium which imparted the music to the listener was of secondary importance. In a programme note written for a Berlin concert he wrote: 'The moment that the pen takes possession of it the thought loses its original form. The intention of writing down an idea necessitates already a choice of time and key . . . the idea becomes a sonata or a concerto: this is already an arrangement of the original. From this first transcription to the second is a comparatively short and unimportant step. Yet in general people make a fuss only about the second.'

'Can you describe his playing of Bach?'

'He made the piano sound like a full symphony orchestra. I agree with the critic who said of the first fugue of the "Forty-eight" that each voice sang out above the rest like the entries of an Italian chorus, until at the last stretto the subject entered like the trumpets of the *Dona nobis* in the B minor Mass.'

The Busoni Fund, of which Miss Ley is the founder and administrator, made possible the concert performance of *Doktor Faust* at the Royal Festival Hall in 1959, with Fischer-Dieskau in the name part. Deryck Cooke afterwards wrote in *The New Statesman* that it proved all our accepted notions of Busoni to be sheer moonshine, revealing him as an original creative genius of the highest order.

What has the Busoni Fund done about his centenary? It arranged for Alfred Brendel to give a Busoni-Liszt recital at the Wigmore Hall on 16 February and on 1 April, the birthday itself, Pietro Scarpini played an all-Busoni programme. Sir Adrian Boult conducted the *Indian Fantasy* at the Royal Festival Hall on 22 March with the New Philharmonia Orchestra, with Scarpini as soloist. Independently of the Fund, John Ogdon played the piano Concerto (five movements and final male voice chorus) with the LPO on 7 April, and the BBC has recently broadcast three concerts of Busoni's music directed by Horenstein, who was a personal friend.

Before I left Miss Ley she switched on a tape-recorder and the glorious voice of Fischer-Dieskau flooded the room. It was the 1959 *Doktor Faust*. Superb music—original, tuneful, intellectually stimulating.

'To achieve a stage performance of *Doktor Faust* in London is the final aim of the Busoni Fund', were Miss Ley's parting words—and it is gratifying to hear (as we go to press—*Ed.*) that the opera is to receive its English première at Sadler's Wells in February 1967, under the baton of Edward Downes.

A Survey of Armenian Music

Zohrab
Shamlan

From very ancient times music has occupied an important place in the Armenian people's life, as is proved by the monuments and the musical culture of Armenia. Moses of Khorene, a fifth-century historian writes . . . 'We heard personally the descendants of Aram (i.e. Armenians) singing from legends with the accompaniment of the pampire . . .' and even nowadays in Armenian folk music we find many traces of ancient songs which were performed during religious rites and feasts, for example, 'Vardavar' the flower and spring feast, which was dedicated to the goddess Asdghig, and 'Drendes', the fire cult.

Before the invention of the Armenian alphabet we had a traditional literature and music, performed and handed down by Vivasans and Kousans, but soon after the invention of the alphabet legends, epics, tales and popular stories were transcribed in manuscripts, and the same happened with music, though later only in the case of religious music, because the Church was against everything that was heathen.

From the eighth century onwards some Armenian music was written in an original national notation called 'Khases' (neumes). Numerous volumes have survived from the Middle Ages, but unfortunately the secret language of Khases (which means 'line') is still not discovered and fully understood. There are several opinions about the origin Khases. Some authors believe that it is (a) Latin, (b) Greek, (c) Latino-Greek, (d) Georgian, (e) Indian; but according to recent scientific studies it appears that none of these opinions is correct and that its origin is to be found in Armenian prosodic signs which later developed into musical signs or Khases.

According to the Greek tradition, Aristophanes of Byzantium was the inventor of Greek prosodic signs (180 B.C.) but it is now evident that Indians had used these signs in their Vedas much earlier than the Greeks. We are told that Indian Rabbis, when teaching their pupils, raised the head when pronouncing an accented word thus (´) and lowered it (˘) when pronouncing a smooth unaccented word, and that from these two primitive signs (´ ˘) most probably all the others were developed. As the prosodic signs developed they began to assume different meanings, and were slowly transformed into musical signs. Armenian Khases were in use from the eighth century onwards. There is a new theory by Professor Vishel of Vienna University, a musicologist and specialist in eastern music, that Armenian Khases originated between the fifth and seventh centuries; that its system is older than the Greek and that the latter is based on the Armenian system.

The Armenian Khases flourished during two periods: from the eighth to the eleventh century, and from the eleventh to the seventeenth century. During the first period the Khases were developed, perfected and considerably changed. During the second period they were cultivated more, increased in number and became more complex.

Komitas Vartabed was the first Armenian composer who showed a scientific approach in the study of Khases. According to him Armenian folk and church music are not based on the western octave system, but on tetrachords, each tetrachord's last note being the first note of the next tetrachord. In Armenian music the dominating tetrachord is the major tetrachord whose first and last note remain unchanged, while the middle intervals are changeable. All Armenian melodies are formed from the combination of these six tetrachords:



Komitas divided Armenian folk songs as follows: (a) Children's songs, (b) Cradle songs, (c) Heroic songs, (d) Funeral songs, (e) Wedding songs, (f) Nature songs, (g) Love songs, (h) Dances, etc.

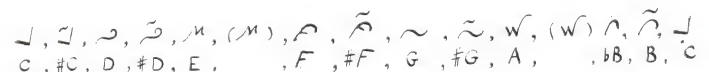
Although Armenian folk-songs are not polyphonic in character, there are many instances where we do find polyphony, as in ensemble singing when the tenor soloist takes the tune in a higher pitch, so that the other singers are obliged to sing it at a lower pitch than his, though without losing the shape of the melody or disturbing the harmony. Komitas gives the following example:



Unlike the folk songs Armenian folk dances are performed by an ensemble having its own Dance-Leader. Armenian dances are very modest and have no erotic or sensual movements. The people express their feelings through love songs and dance songs.

During the Middle Ages Armenian church music and Khases were very highly developed. Nerses Shenarhali (1101-73), the outstanding poet, musician and Armenian patriarch, was the greatest figure in our music of that period. He was the first composer to enlarge its scope and to introduce folk melodies into church music (he fitted many religious words to secular melodies). In Europe the same process began during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in the music of Heinrich Isaac and Palestrina. In this aspect Nerses She Morhali deserves an important place in the history of music.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries a very talented musician called Papa Hampartzoum Sarkisian (1768-1839) invented a new system of notation which became a turning point in our music history. Thus from 1839 onwards most Armenian church music was written in this new system, and so was saved from obscurity. Papa Hampartzoum was very well trained in eastern music. He knew Greek neumes and studied European notation. His new notation was based on the European system, but the names were Turkish (later changed into Armenian) and the form of the signs was taken from old Armenian Khases. To give an idea of Papa Hampartzoum's system we give here the chromatic scale in C and a little tune:



REBECCA By PAUL PATTERSON

34° 19° 15° 10° 14°

And showed the dreadful end of one,

Who goes and slams doors just for fun.

It mentioned her virtues it is true,
But dwelt upon her vices too.

Her funeral sermon which was long,
Was followed by a sacred song.

A trick that everyone abhors in
little girls is

A wealthy banker's little daughter
Who lived in Palace Green, Bayswater.

She would go and deliberately
SLAM THE DOOR.

She was not really bad at heart,
But only rather rude and wild,
She was an aggravating child.

33° 29° 25° 21° 20° 18° 18° 12°

sd
TUTTI
ffz
p

fz
wh
ff
PED
pizz
mp
mf
arco

ffz
TUTTI
ffz

sd
ffz
GONG

ffz

sim.
PED

CHORD
mp
PED
strings

tb
fz

sd
f
fz

mc
TUTTI

no tbn
p

And down it came it knocked
her flat,
It laid her out she looked
like that.

It happened that a Marble Bust
Of Abraham was standing just -

TO SLAM

CHORD

SLAMMING DOORS

ESPRESS

Cadenza

ffz

strs. & clt.

sim.

cluster

Ping Pong balls

Horizontal tumbler

Vertical tumbler

Brush on Piano

Any Glissando

Fists

Chosen String

Pause

Time line



Komitas, the founder of Armenian classical music, used this notation for collecting folk songs; he collected more than 3,000 folk songs and melodies, and later purified and harmonised most of them.

For many young Armenian composers their native folk music is still a boundless source of inspiration.

Paul Patterson's 'Rebecca'

(See also pp. 22-23)

Richard Staines

A composer today is more likely to merit damnation from his public for choosing to set unintelligible texts to music than for writing in serial style. Accordingly, Belloc's 'aggravating child' found a direct response in Paul Patterson's vigorous account of the incorrigible Rebecca—the girl 'who goes and slams doors just for fun'. And its first public performance in its latest form (at a Fortnightly Concert on 9 December 1965) was undoubtedly a major success for its composer, who himself conducted it in the Duke's Hall.

Rebecca, originally a three-minute piece, was first heard at Dartington, where performances of music by Cage and the free exchange of ideas on electronic composition were conducive to work along those lines. Though thoroughly characteristic of its composer, *Rebecca* is, in many ways, atypical of indeterminacy: its unvarying structure is basic to the life of the work. All the notes, admittedly, are left to the performers, the only proviso being that the actual duration of free improvisation is controlled by the conductor. In the new work, which adds a part for percussion and trombone to the original two violins, cello, piano (two players), clarinet and speaker, notes are 'high', 'medium' or 'low' in pitch, and 'long', 'medium' or 'short' in duration, as indicated by appropriate symbols.

Each of its twenty-four sections is allotted a minimum time for realisation. Should one section be expanded—perhaps doubled—in length, interest lies in whether the successive component parts are extended in performance in an attempt to preserve a recognisable structure, but because the story is of paramount importance, the words are excluded from this process, as any distortion of the vocal part would jeopardise the coherence of the poem.

An indebtedness to Cage-ian practices is obvious, particularly in the bold and imaginative use of various gadgets applied to the piano strings: after Rebecca's death the second pianist produces bizarre and ethereal sounds by bouncing ping-pong balls inside a glass tumbler on the upper strings. Elsewhere, tumblers are slid horizontally across a predetermined string while the pianist proper depresses the appropriate key at the same time. Yet anyone who listens to this work with open ears will be impressed by the robust picture of its composer's personality. It is to be hoped that there will be more performances.

Das Land ohne Musik?

In the Michaelmas issue of the Magazine we included a report on the RAM by Manuel Garcia, originally published in the Journal of the Royal Society of Arts in 1865; it is with the kind permission of the Journal's Editor that we now reproduce (again without comment!) part of an article that appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of 8 January 1866 and was quoted in the January 1966 issue of the RSA Journal.

'... Once grant the fact that the cultivation of music is a material element in human well-being and happiness, together with the principle that the State is called upon to assist in the work of education, and the establishment of a national Academy of Music follows as a matter of course. . . . The musical teaching power throughout the country, like the performing powers of players and singers, is at a very low ebb. From the cathedral and great oratorio performances down to the humblest attempt at drawing-room or poor-school singing, the condition of English music is below mediocrity. Not one "professor" out of a dozen is in any sense of the word a real musician. In not one church in a dozen is the congregational singing endurable. There is not a single theatrical orchestra in all London which plays the accompaniments to songs and duets with a proper delicacy and finish. English operatic singers, with very few exceptions, are a proverb for incapacity; mumbling their words, deficient in execution, soulless in expression, and as guiltless of "phrasing" in measured music as of declamatory life in recitative. Everywhere there is the same want of *thoroughness*, which indicates a deficiency in early education.

'When the Royal Academy was set up, enthusiastic but not far-seeing patrons imagined that they had devised a cure for all these evils. But the establishment has never won a name in the musical profession or outside it, and has never done anything to deserve a name. It has turned out one good composer, Mr Sterndale Bennett, and one eminent singer, Mdme Sainton-Dolby; and that is all. All our other best English singers and players were trained elsewhere. Nor is this to be wondered at. The management of the institution is scarcely to be called management. Nobody who teaches is properly paid, and nobody is properly supervised by anybody. The whole affair shuffles on, as it were, of its own accord, in an inconvenient house in a street leading out of Hanover-square, of very questionable character as to the persons who at times make it their promenade. With all this the musical teaching given is far from cheap. . . . During the year 1864 the mere arrangement of the academy, including rent, salaries of secretary, librarian, &c., exclusive of the payment of teachers, amounted to more than £950. There are now only seventy-two pupils; so that each of the pupils costs £13 a-year. . . .

'... We want a Kneller Hall, as it used to be, in London; a normal school, as it is now the fashion to call such things, adapted to the peculiarities of the special case. The Paris Conservatoire furnishes a model, whether for more or less exact imitation, or as an illustration of the principles on which we ought to act in England. It supplies a perfectly gratuitous education to 600 pupils, and every year presents a gift of £40 to the ten most distinguished students. . . .

'Whether the British taxpayer can be induced to establish any such institution in London may reasonably be doubted. That very energetic and sanguine body, the Society of Arts, is busying itself very much about it at the present time, and they have appointed a committee of about a dozen of their members to

collect information and opinions bearing on the subject. If the Government are induced to listen to their pleadings, it will probably be in connection with the general education of the poor, which undeniably demands the raising of the standard of average musical tuition throughout the country. . . . If the poor are to be civilised by the influence of that divine art, it must be by instruction from well-equipped musicians. And these can only be created by some such institution as the Royal Academy, unlike in almost all respects the present establishment in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square.'

Book Review

Kurt Adler: *The Art of Accompanying and Coaching* (Minnesota/OUP, 78s).

This handsomely presented book with over 250 musical illustrations claims to be the first on this subject since the early nineteenth century, and for this reason alone should be on the shelves of every aspiring accompanist and coach. However, there are many other reasons for recommending it, in spite of occasional incongruities of style (e.g. the public's preference for the music of Bach's sons 'did not faze the old man') and some exceedingly unsuitable programme suggestions—at least for European audiences.

Sections on the anatomy of instruments and the human voice more than compensate for the sketchy chapters on the historical background and on interpretative hints for *lieder*, while the actual planning of coaching sessions, culled from forty years' experience with great conductors and singers, is invaluable. The seventy pages on diction (in five languages) are, with a few puzzling omissions, remarkable for the intelligent choice of difficult words and lines from a wide repertoire of songs and operas, because not only pronunciation but also division of syllables is minutely examined. Singers, too, could most profitably invest in this book.

It may be argued that existing books can be consulted for information on tempi in pre-metronome compositions, and on ornamentation, but to find the often contradictory comments of C P E Bach, Quantz, Leopold Mozart, Dolmetsch and Rothschild compared and criticised in the same volume should prove stimulating to all practising musicians.

John Streets

Opera

Britten 'The Rape of Lucretia' (16 March).

Just as the Morley College performance of *The Turn of the Screw* has been highly commended, so must I lavish praise on the student performance of *The Rape of Lucretia* at the Academy. It was wholly admirable, and young Steuart Bedford, who on this showing seems a born opera conductor, achieved magnificent results from his chamber orchestra and his young cast. He certainly seems to have the gift of creating tension and communicating excitement to his audience.

The soloists were all promising, and in the case of Hugh Sheehan, the Tarquinius, rather more than that. Penelope Lister's slight figure and attractive presence belied the rich voice and tragic feeling she brought to the title-rôle; while Helen Greener

as Lucia revealed potentialities as a soubrette. Pauline Stuart's production was nicely judged and always to the point.

Harold Rosenthal

Britten 'The Rape of Lucretia' (17 March).

By German or Czech standards, London operatic life would be a poor thing were it not for performances by colleges and operatic societies. Covent Garden long ago gave up any pretence at being a 'repertory' house; during the whole of March and April, Sadler's Wells rang the changes on just four operas: *Bohème*, *Faust*, *Cinderella* and *Fledermaus*. Student performances, I know, are meant for study, not primarily for widening the horizons of the wider public. But may a critic sated with *Bohèmes* and *Aidas* thank the Academy for a *Rake*, and a *Rape*, and in anticipation for *Joan of Arc*?

Pauline Stuart has the way of communicating the essentials of an opera, of grasping the composer's and librettist's vision and presenting it freshly, intensely. I have heard Britten's opera, just as I had heard Stravinsky's, more expertly executed—but never experienced it more keenly. Partly, of course, it is simply the smallness of the RAM theatre—chamber opera heard in a chamber. Partly, the satisfying and sensitive economy of the handling—everything to the point. Largely, the clarity and precision of Miss Stuart's presentation. (For example Junius, in most performances of *The Rape of Lucretia*, remains a shadowy character. Here he was sharp-cut, a necessary mover in a tragic action.)

With Ronald Duncan's libretto there is nothing to do but grit the teeth, try not to flinch, and admit that at any rate it moved Britten to a masterpiece. The verbal formulation given to such simple ideas as that of women's rôle in life, or more intricate ones such as Lucretia's guilty admiration of Tarquin's physical beauty, may be repellent—but they inspired a score which is marvellously exciting, beautiful, sexy, and—in such a passage as the cor anglais theme for the heroine's final entrance—noble.

It was a merit of the performance that one was more conscious of the work than of the individual performers. Steuart Bedford's conducting was at all points accomplished, convincing—despite some faltering patches in the actual playing. Joyce Jarvis, my Lucretia, gave a simple, dignified and touching performance. Caroline Burrell and Rosanne Creffield, Lucia and Bianca, were admirable, sharply characterised but not exaggerated in rôles that easily tip into parody. Male and Female Choruses, Robert King and Anne Guthrie, were nicely impersonal; I liked their gravity, and their under-interpretation of Duncan's fussy 'points', which can't bear over-emphasis. Hugh Sheehan, the Tarquin, had the most evidently operatic voice of the cast. In Act I there was a disagreeable touch of bumptiousness about his performance, and he sang too loudly; but in the rape scene he showed himself a more sensitive artist. He didn't look right, but his voice had the proper thrust and urgency.

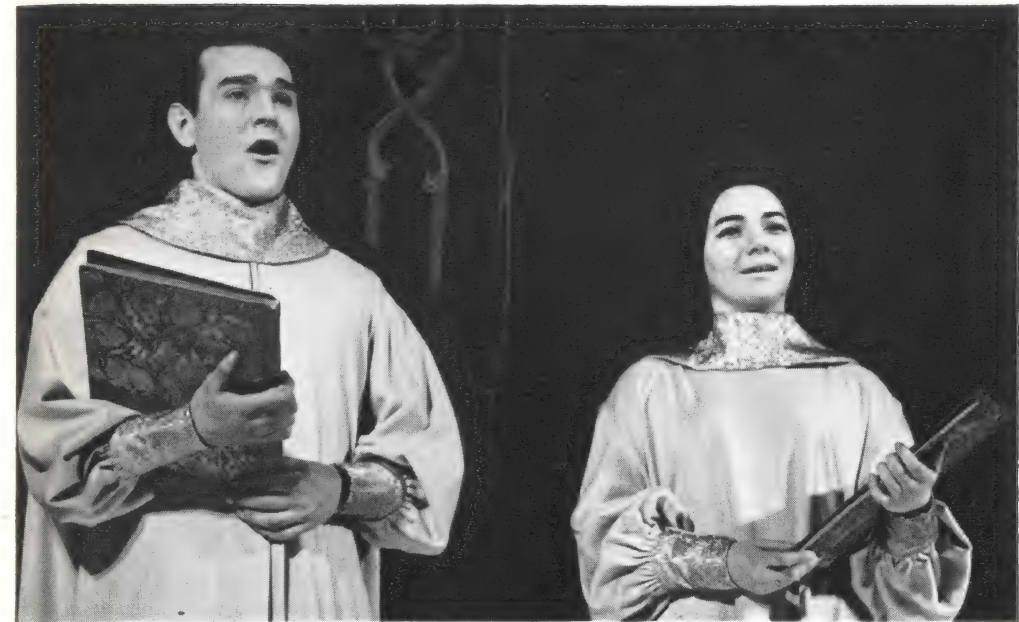
Britten's mis-stressing of Collatinus sets a bad precedent; but I hope the Academy are not going to produce another crop of English singers who can't pronounce English. Here Tarquinioose burned for his quee-ay-toose. Things are bad enough already at Sadler's Wells, where regularly 'Arry Adnay is deserted by The-se-us.

Andrew Porter



Junius, Lucia, Lucretia,
Collatinus and Bianca
(Malcolm Singer, Caroline
Burrell, Penelope Lister,
Alan Judd and Rosanne
Creffield)

Tarquinius, Collatinus and
Junius (Hugh Sheehan,
Christopher Field and
William Elvin)



Male and Female Chorus
(Robert King and Anne
Guthrie)

Lucretia and Tarquinius
(Penelope Lister and Hugh
Sheehan)

Photos by courtesy of Houston
Rogers



	14 and 17 March	16 and 18 March
<i>Male Chorus</i>	Robert King	Gene West
<i>Female Chorus</i>	Anne Guthrie	Marcia Swindells
<i>Collatinus</i>	Alan Judd	Christopher Field
<i>Junius</i>	Malcolm Singer	William Elvin
<i>Tarquinius</i>	Hugh Sheehan	Hugh Sheehan
<i>Lucretia</i>	Joyce Jarvis	Penelope Lister
<i>Bianca</i>	Rosanne Creffield	Sylvia Swan
<i>Lucia</i>	Caroline Burrell	Helen Greener
<i>Voices symbolising the unrest in Rome</i>	Aline Blain, Alison Chamberlain, Suzanne Flowers, Helen Attfield, Rosemary Williams, John Carter, Malcolm Smith, Roy Gregory, Paul Sherrell, Ian Caddy	
<i>Understudies</i>	Barbara McFerran, Rosanne Creffield, Rosemary Williams, Aline Blain, Paul Sherrell, Roy Gregory, Malcolm Singer	
<i>Director of Opera</i>	John Streets	
<i>Conductor</i>	Steuart Bedford	
<i>Producer</i>	Pauline Stuart	
<i>Assistants to the Director</i>	Steuart Bedford, Mary Nash	
<i>Stage Management</i>	Elizabeth Kilford, Andrew Knight, Anthony Feltham, Nellie Romano	
<i>Make-up</i>	Charles Hubbard	
<i>Wardrobe</i>	Rosemary Williams, Barbara McFerran	
<i>Leader of Orchestra</i>	Peter Cropper	

Letters to the Editor

Sir,

It is with annoyance and indignation that I feel I must write in protest against Nigel Swinford's article 'Searchlight on Scales', printed in the Michaelmas 1965 issue of the Magazine. I would like to represent the greater body of students at the RAM, who recognise the true value of scale practise. I would like to show, too why scale practising forms such an indispensable part of a musician's art.

May I begin rather philosophically? When all is said and done, we are not born to play the piano. While it is true that some have better hands for the job than others, there is no human hand that does not require careful physical training to this end. There are various schools of thought as to how the finger-facility may be achieved, but there is a consensus of opinion among eminent musicians that there is no better way than by systematic and thoughtful practising of scales. Certainly there is no better way to learn the geography of the keyboard (and, in the case of stringed instruments, of the finger-board) than by practising scales throughout the entire compass of the instrument. This also provides the player with experience in all major and minor keys, the importance of which cannot be exaggerated! Great musicians over the centuries have realised their value. One recalls C P E Bach teaching the playing of scales (omitting the thumbs, it is true); the value Beethoven set on their practise; the letters of Czerny, his pupil; Chopin's insistence that his pupils should first learn the scale of B major, as it necessitated a position of the hand that was ideal for the performance of his own music; Saint-Saëns, who, in his seventies, was still practising scales

for hours every day; and Rachmaninov and Busoni, who did regular scale-practise. The great conductor, Furtwängler, should not be forgotten: he was frequently to be heard practising scales on the piano. Menuhin, after years of success as a prodigy, admitted that he had still to learn how to play the scale of G major! Anyone who knows the miraculous playing of Dinu Lipatti must appreciate that hours of scale-practise lay behind it; if you have heard his recording of Chopin's B minor Sonata you are unlikely to be persuaded that the near-miracle Lipatti achieves in the finale's rushing semiquavers was brought about by sight-reading the movement through ten times!

Of course it cannot be denied that, at its best, scale-practising is very hard work. We aspiring pianists know full well that to be executants of any distinction we must come to terms with the work and approach it with clear-headedness and ruthless determination. Obviously we cannot expect such practising to yield the joys of Beethoven's G major piano Concerto. On the other hand this harvest is no Dead Sea fruit. Those who are familiar with the piano's second entry in the first movement, with its descending right-hand scale followed by an ascending one in thirds, the following passage-work in double thirds for the right hand, etc., will know also that he will be closer to Beethoven's message if he has worked at such scales during his daily practising.



And how absurd to think of practising 350 scales! A little thought should tell us that, as the majority are fingered alike, our work can be greatly reduced; for when practising C major you have automatically practised five other scales. Lastly, although scale-practising is not a profound musical experience, it surely does have its aesthetic value. A perfectly played scale is a thing of beauty, as beautiful as a string of pearls. In the words of my professor, scales are the digging that comes before the treasure; and I would add that any effort expended in this labour is not wasted.

Yours etc.

London, NW1

Christopher Greathead

Sir,

Thank you Nigel Swinford! I feel your name should be enshrined on the venerable walls of the RAM in neon lights amidst the busts and tablets which, reminiscent in some ways of a cross between cemetery and crematorium, add that touch of finality and achievement that benefits a temple of the Muses.

In the long lineage of benefactors who have cared for the protection of the child or the dog you step boldly forth, even if unintentionally, on behalf of that underdog the professor of the RAM whom you want, too, exempted from that torture of the scales. With a praiseworthy sense of student-solidarity you tell us what happens to the candidates before they enter the examination room, their heads, souls and knuckles burdened by and geared up with 350 scales.

With a reciprocal sense of solidarity I spare you the tale of what happens inside the examination room which, with an imagination I envy, you describe as 'pleasantly decorated'. Your benevolence goes one stage further in promoting to the exalted status of a 'large dining table' the table behind which we expurgate some of our sins. On it, after hearing 2523 scales, our treat and feast consists of tea and four biscuits; rather a symbolical communion with the said scales than sheer indulgence to our voracity. In your equanimity you depict the examiners as 'three kindly gentlemen'... indeed! But what about the gentlewomen who in order to assert their equality or superiority descend like Goldie, our next-door neighbour at the Zoo, with relish, charm and impartiality on any missed F sharp or added A flat of your 350 scales? And were we not 'kindly gentlemen' what would be the outcome of this human triplet against a starchy quadruplet? By tacit consent and tradition (tradition counts at the RAM and we perpetuate with bonhomie and somnolence our predecessors' fallacies such as 350 scales) we leave untouched the fourth biscuit. We neither fight nor toss for it. 350 times long-suffering with events above, below and abreast of us we still put up a dignified front, rather than adopt a more pugnacious attitude. Such an attitude, however, has been taken by you in respect of those 350 scales and I think of you as a benefactor. At the annual examinations we may easily hear some fifty candidates a day. Should we be thorough enough to examine all the scales about 17,500 would reach our eardrums – a threat we ward off under the cover of lack of time. Confidentially I can whisper to you only that it is in fact an act of self-protection and of consideration to our families who would otherwise mislay in an asylum the unreliable provider of their variable resources.

And now that we have met on the common ground of mutual respect and love I, 'gently chatting and coughing', propped up on my stick, and careful not to trip over my trailing white beard, am going to tell you why I share your views.

Division II requires a student to play the first movement of a sonata by Mozart, for instance, and 350 scales. Usually during the same year he has got to take his Teaching Diploma (unrecognised by the Department of Education and Science): three pieces plus... let's say 700 scales (I am no good at figures so even for scales they are approximate). Supposing both exams have been met with success, the following year he takes Division III: i.e. one movement from a Beethoven Sonata plus... again let's say 700 scales. The disproportion between musical work and forced labour is disheartening. Even in the world of the Law a sentence is reduced as the years go by, but at the RAM there is no remission: in Division III the sentence is renewed with the full blast of a vengeance. It is out of proportion, too, to engage the services of a professor to act as an overseer flailing the whip of expulsion to the restive student and see that the perfunctory rattling is duly executed.

A reduced amount of scales could be imposed for the Associated Board's Grade VIII and that should be the end of this didactic toil. Diploma candidates who have not passed Grade VIII could be required to play some scales. Because, naturally enough, no one puts his heart into scales since the expenditure of time for their preparation is also out of all proportion to their debatable values. For Saint Cecilia's sake let's have more music or we shall have to change our name to the Royal Academy of Scales! If technical discipline and proficiency must be shown let's have studies: Clementi, Moszkowski, Chopin, Liszt, Debussy, Stravinsky... The notion that a teacher may be skilful even without being a militant musician shouldn't be so extended as to affect the student's training and starve him of artistic and didactic culture.

Art, like all ennobling endeavours, demands purpose. But our tons of uncouth scales deaden sensitivity, imagination, ear and muscular control. No enriching purpose is served. The development of technique – and technique is interpretation – requires pinpointed diagnosis and pinpointed treatment. It entails mental effort and training to bring to consciousness a weakness of movement; the overcoming of which depends on the intertwined cooperation of spirit and body.

The proper tutorial aim is to make human beings independent, to teach students how to teach themselves. It is for the professor to prescribe exercises that will foster his student's development, and by so doing stimulate the love to search, realise and solve.

Enough of these un-didactic obsolescent scales cooked in 350 sauces! Workers of the RAM unite! You have nothing to lose but your scales!

Yours etc.

George Rogers

London, W5

Notes about Members and others

Richard Bennet's Symphony was performed for the first time on 10 February at the Royal Festival Hall by the LSO under Istvan Kertesz.

The Alburni String Quartet gave the first English performance of Shostakovich's tenth Quartet on 23 January, in the Conway Hall.

Helen Lawrence was the soloist in two performances of Strauss's *Vier letzte Lieder* on 9 and 10 February in Manchester, with the Hallé Orchestra under Maurice Handford.

Sir John Barbirolli has been elected an Honorary Freeman of the Worshipful Company of Musicians.

Arthur Davison succeeds Clarence Raybould as conductor of the National Youth Orchestra of Wales in September.

Richard Stoker's cantata *Ecce Homo* received its première on 4 March as part of the St Pancras Festival; the conductor was Paul Steinitz.

William Elvin gave the first performance, at Rosehill on 7 and 8 May, of Donald Swann's song-cycle *The Road goes ever on*, based on poems from Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*; he was accompanied by the composer himself.

Nicholas Maw's *Sinfonia* was given its first performance on 1 May in Newcastle by the Northern Sinfonia under Michael Hall.

Wigmore Hall recitals have been given by Valerie Tryon (3 October), Martino Tirimo (14 November and 13 March), Harold Jaeger (18 December), Georgina Smith (7 January), Meyer Stelow (12 January), and Malcolm Henderson (7 May).

Harold Clark took part in lunch-hour recitals at Peterborough Technical College on 16 and 23 March.

Arthur Pritchard gave an organ recital in the BBC 'Music at Night' series on 27 April; among other works he played Peter Wishart's Trio Sonata.

Joan Bonner's Christmas Cello Course was held between 28 December and 1 January at the Conway Hall. The accompanist was Rex Stephens, and first performances were given of two new works specially written for the occasion: a Suite for six-part cello ensemble by Richard Stoker, and a Suite for cello quartet by Georgina Beesley.

Dorothy Grinstead, Phyllis Chatfield and Maisie Balch were the soloists in a performance of Bach's three-piano Concerto in C given by the Croydon Symphony Orchestra under Arthur Davison on 12 February.

Mme Naomi Papé, who recently retired from her position as Singing Lecturer at Stellenbosch University, is now busy with private teaching in East London. In August and September last year she examined for the twenty-second time for the University of South Africa, and is to do a similar examination tour for the University this year.

Robert Alva writes from Booragul, NSW, to say that he and his wife feel that 'life began for us in 1962 when we left England for this wonderful though young country, even though we were both in our late sixties'. He sends his best wishes to 'all my old colleagues, friends and students at the RAM'.

Gordon Osborn has now been tuning and servicing the RAM pianos for twenty-one years (he was introduced to the Academy in 1945, by Harold Craxton). Since then he has reconditioned the majority of the instruments in the building.

David Ullman was appointed Director of Music of Christchurch Grammar School, Perth—the largest public school in Western Australia—in January.

Paul Steinitz's London Bach Society, who have now performed sixty-three of Bach's 200-odd cantatas, this year gave their first performance in German of the *St John Passion*; their annual performance in German of the *St Matthew Passion* was given at St Andrew's, Holborn, on 19 March.

Brian Chapple's Trio for flute, clarinet and harp, and David Lord's Songs for tenor, flute, horn, harp and cello, both had their first performances at a Macnaghten Concert on 14 January.

Alfred Nieman's Rilke Song-Cycle for voice and string quartet received its première at a Macnaghten Concert on 19 November.

Anthony Abbott has been appointed Musical Director of the Haywards Heath Operatic Society. He writes that 'an orchestral section of the Society has been formed, with a view to giving public orchestral concerts (Bach to Bernstein) in Sussex'. Players interested in joining are invited to write to him c/o Balcombe Parish Church.

William Braithwaite Manson, who was a student at the RAM between 1913 and 1915, and was killed on the Somme in July 1916, is now commemorated at the Academy by the Manson

Room, which was formally opened on 23 March. The room provides a centre for the study of modern music, and includes a collection of scores and recordings, together with two rooms equipped with tape recorder and stereophonic gramophones and a listening booth with two sets of stereophonic headphones; it is available for use by Professors and students of composition.

Gareth Morris has been appointed Chairman of the New Philharmonia Orchestra.

Professorial Staff

Appointments

January 1966

Timothy Baxter, ARAM (Composition)

James Brown, Hon ARAM (Horn)

Ifor James (Horn)

Mary Jarred (Singing)

Nicholas Maw, ARAM (Composition)

September 1966

Norman Fulton, ARAM (Harmony)

Florence Hooton, FRAM (Cello)

Resignations and Retirements

January 1966

Harry Blech, OBE, Hon RAM, Hon FTCL (Conductor, Chamber Orchestra)

Paul Crunden-White (Harmony)

Robert O Edwards, B Mus (Lond), FRAM (Piano)

Hugh Wood (Composition and Harmony)

March 1966

Peter Latham, MA, B Mus (Oxon), FRAM, FGSM (Degree work)

July 1966

Isabel Gray, FRAM (Piano)

John Pauer, Hon RAM (Piano)

Cedric Sharpe, Hon RAM (Cello)

Governing Body

Appointments

Sidney James Saunders (Committee of Management)

Michael Pelloe (Finance Committee)

Resignations

Lord Hacking (Director)

John Pope-Hennessy, CBE (Director)

The Rt Hon Lord Murray of Newhaven, KCB (Committee of Management)

Sir Edmund Compton, KCB, KBE, MA (Finance Committee)

Administrative Staff

Appointment

Robin Golding, MA (Oxon), Hon ARAM (Registrar)

Distinctions

KBE (Hon)

Yehudi Menuhin, Hon RAM

MVO

William Cole, D Mus (Lond), FRAM, FRCO

Hon RAM

James Blades; Julian Bream, OBE; Ida Carroll, FNSM;
Peter Fletcher, MA, D Phil (Oxon);
Peter Racine Fricker, Hon D Mus (Leeds), FRCO;
Ruth Gipps, D Mus (Dunelm);
W S Lloyd Webber, D Mus (Lond), FRCO; Leighton Lucas;
Robin Orr, MA, Mus D (Cantab), FRCM; William J Overton;
Allen Percival, Mus B; Alan Rawsthorne, CBE, FRMCM;
Georg Solti; Norman Tucker, CBE; Barry Tuckwell, OBE;
Sir David Webster, FRCM;
Denis Wright, OBE, D Mus (Edin), B Mus (Dunelm)

FRAM

Cornelius Cardew; Dennis Dance; Arthur Davison;
C H Stuart Duncan, Hon RCM; Hugh Marchant;
Ethel H Martin; Phyllis McDonald; John Palmer

Hon FRAM

John Morley; H Philip Verey

Hon ARAM

Lella Alberg; James Brown; Faith Deller, OBE;
Eleanor Lester; Pauline Stuart; Elizabeth Todd

ARAM

Gregory Baron; Timothy Baxter; Steuart Bedford, FRCO;
John Boulter; Daphne E Braggins; Rosemary Brown;
Jill Buesst; Fiona Cameron; Ursula Connors; Cecil Cope;
Howard Davis; Neil Dodd; Henry J. Greenwood;
R. Sherlaw Johnson; Geoffrey Pratley;
Sarah Thomas, B Mus (Lond); Denis Simons; Diana Vernon;
John White; Mary Gardiner

Birth

Boswell: To David and Joan Boswell (née White), a daughter,
Margaret Joan, on 7 January 1966

Marriage

Bamber-Norman: Peter Bamber to Diana Norman, 16 April 1966

Deaths

E L Brown-Smith
Dorothy Frances Cameron (née Bettoney) (30 December 1965)
Alfred Cave, ARAM (25 December 1965)
Hubert Davies, ARAM
Richard Dolmetsch (8 May 1966)
Clara Hartel (25 December 1965)
Dame Myra Hess, DBE, Hon D Mus, LL D, D Litt, FRAM
(25 November 1965)
Frank Hutchens, OBE, FRAM (18 October 1965)
Ada Kearton (née Forrest), FRAM
Kathleen Levi, ARAM
Haydn Morris, ARAM (21 December 1965)
Stuart Maxwell (15 April 1966)

Richard Dolmetsch was born on 2 March 1945, and studied the violin at the RAM with David Martin between May 1962 and May 1963. He had been seriously ill for some time.

Frank Hutchens was born on 15 January 1892, and studied at the

RAM between April 1905 and March 1911. He was a foundation member of the teaching staff of the Sydney Conservatorium, and its senior Professor of Piano. He died as the result of a car accident.

Hubert Davies was born on 24 May 1893, and studied the violin at the RAM between September 1912 and July 1913 under Hans Wessely, and subsequently in Dresden with Leopold Auer. He returned to his native Wales in 1919 as a member of the Aberystwyth University Trio, and subsequently became leader of the Welsh Symphony Orchestra. He was also a member of the Queen's Hall and Covent Garden orchestras. From 1934 to 1948 he was on the teaching staff at University College, Aberystwyth, and in 1950 joined the professorial staff of the Cardiff College of Music and Drama.

Alfred Cave was born on 10 April 1902, and studied the violin at the RAM between September 1921 and July 1926. He was, during his career, leader of the City of Birmingham Orchestra, the BBC Midland Orchestra, the London International Orchestra, and the London Piano Quartet.

Stuart Maxwell was born on 15 January 1907, and was appointed Catering Manager at the RAM on 18 May 1948.

New Publications

Ivor Foster: *Sonatina* for oboe and piano (Weinberger)
Geoffrey Murdin: *Couplets* for two cellos (Universal)
Fritz Spiegl: *What the Papers didn't mean to say* (Scouse)
Richard Stoker: *Miniature String Trio* (Chappell)
Four Miniatures for flute, clarinet and piano (Chappell)
Variations, Passacaglia and Fugue, Op. 10, for string orchestra (Hinrichsen)
Ecce Homo, cantata (Hinrichsen)

RAM Awards

GRSM Diploma, December 1965

Jane Bryan; Margaret Bugden; Lyndon Davies; Mary Johnson;
Judith Lamony; Helen Oh; Paul Sturman; Lucy Tan;
Marilyn Waters

New Students Lent Term 1966

Lawrence Fowler; Agnes Köry; Graeme Humphrey;
Steven Migden

RAM Club News The Students' Branch

The new students' committee of the RAM Club was formed at the beginning of the Academic Year 1965, and enthusiasm poured forth 'comme d'habitude'. The second stages of the customary procedure then followed and the enthusiasm which flowed so profusely was sponged up by the Victorian cloth of apathy which acts among our students as a soggy extinguisher to any sparks of initiative or eagerness that may be shown.

The New Students' Dance was an enormous success and was well attended, although I might add that the evening was free of charge and included a buffet which was devoured on sight, together with the light refreshments! However, at the sight of a 4s charge to the next Hop which was organised in October, there

was a strange diminution in numbers, and precisely forty-nine people out of the 800-odd students at the Academy attended this function. Such is the proof of endurance for support of the new club.

Christmas, with its goodwill and cheer, brought forth a new flame, and with the prospect of two bands and a cabaret (excellently performed by Chris Bowers-Broadbent and the Perfect Fourths), tickets were sold by the tireless efforts of the members of the RAM Club Committee and a profit of £22 was made. I must thank all those concerned with the organisation of the Ball, which proved the efficiency of the newly organised Club, especially Jean Hornbuckle and her band of domestic helpers who consistently support the catering side of any function run by the Club, and also the large number of enthusiastic boys who helped sell tickets and clear up after the Ball.

This year the Royal Academy has been blessed with a forward-looking and enthusiastic new Warden with modern ideas. Mr Derek Gaye has done and is still doing his utmost to forward our activities, and with his support new branches of the Club will be instigated in the new Academic Year. These will include a Debating Society, a Theatre Group and an Art Group. However, the tree from which these extra branches will stem is unfortunately gnarled by the lethal red tapeworm. Red tapeworm, for the information of the outsider, is a disease which is common in ancient British institutions. It is hereditary, and difficult to cure, because of the congenital complications caused by the interbreeding of ideas through the ages, and total unwillingness to change to new schools of thought and new ideas. The main obstacle to overcoming this crippling disease and therefore preventing the early stagnation of our new young institution is *non-communication*. The Students' Branch of the RAM Club seems never to meet or come into contact personally with the Senior Branch. There is no opportunity to discuss Academy problems or to make or receive any constructive criticism, which would further our progress as a club and community. I hope the Professors will take note of this plea for communication, as all other methods have failed in the past. Such are our hopes and plans, and I sincerely hope we shall be able to fulfil our promises and carry out our ambitious plans. Our Committee is at present made up of and run by second-year students who are new and fresh to the task. The third- and fourth-year students seem to hold themselves aloof from our activities, and are willing only to grace our palm occasionally with money for tickets, whilst new students seem to be virtually non-existent.

Mr Gaye has also been trying to negotiate plans to introduce the Academy to the London University Students' Union. We shall, if he is successful, be able to benefit from the privileges of the Union and enjoy a fuller intellectual education, and experience the proper university life, which at the moment we are unable to obtain at the Academy.

There is a lot to be said about the students and the functioning of our society, but there is also a lot to be remembered. Please remember that we are no longer the original long-skirted and starched-collared institution of our eminent Professors' day. We are students of 1966, and we ought to be willing to support our own era, and to act accordingly, with more foresight and enthusiasm than has been shown in the past, otherwise we shall find ourselves trickling out of mind as a modern institution, and labelled as a thing of the past, good only for a few eccentrics who

are under the illusion that the entire world is composed of musicians, and that there is no world outside.

Christine Martin-Peters
President, Students' Branch

Alterations to List of Members

Town Members

Abbey, Jean H, *35 Elms Crescent, Clapham Park, SW4*
Barnard, Elizabeth (Mrs Lazareno), *63 Leith Mansions, Maida Vale, W9*
Berger, Mrs (Dorothy I Freshwater), *13 Onslow Square, SW7*
Blakeley, Kenneth, *174 Romford Road, E7*
Boyce, Bruce, *10 Alwyne Place, N1*
Brain, Leonard, *1 Reenglass Road, Stanmore, Middx*
Burn, John P, *39 St Georges Square, SW1*
Clarke, Joan, *St Gabriel's Vicarage, Walm Lane, NW2*
Coxe, Nigel, *51a Elsworthy Road, NW3*
East, John M, *123 Marsham Court, SW1*
Edwards, Gwynne, *29 Southfield Park, N Harrow, Middx*
Fenby, Eric, *35 Brookfield, Highgate West Hill, N6*
Greenbaum, Kyla, *17 Dunstan Road, NW11*
Griller, Mrs Honor, *63 Marloes Road, W8*
Griller, Sidney, *63 Marloes Road, W8*
Halliday, Joan, *12 The Rowans, Palmers Green, N13*
Hamlin, Mary, *48 Queen's Road, Twickenham, Middx*
Hessing, Mrs (Rosemary A Blackman), *31 St Johns Road, Epping, Essex*
Hubicki, Mrs Bohdan (Margaret Mullins), *14 Abbey Gardens, NW8*
Judd, Anthony, *94 Christchurch Avenue, NW6*
Kelly, Alexander, *32 Gerard Road, SW13*
Lucas, Leighton, *25 Heathfield Gardens, W4*
Macdonald, Malcolm, *Howard House, Crown Street, Harrow-on-the Hill, Middx*
Mills, Betty, *1 Wildwood Rise, NW11*
Overton, William J, *10 New Farm Avenue, Bromley, Kent*
Phillimore, Cynthia, *21 Lower Common South, SW15*
Sidwell, Martindale, *1 Frognaal Gardens, NW3*

Country Members

Ardontz, Sona, *1 Tillington Terrace, Ashburnham Road, Hastings, Sussex*
Beard, Paul, *Little Garth, Higher Green, Ewell, Surrey*
Brown, G W, *118 Holmes Avenue, Hove 4, Sussex*
Bryant, C M, *c/o Harrison & Crossfield, 70, Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia*
Collison, Mrs Margaret, *81 Louth Road, Holton-le-Clay, Grimsby, Lincs*
Campbell, Michael, *18 Greystone Close, Kemsing, Sevenoaks, Kent*
Coates, Ruth M, *Ben Loyal, Wester, Balblain, By Beaully, Invernesshire*
Connah, Geoffrey, *85 Bromley Road, Shortlands, Bromley, Kent*
Farlow, H C, *Royal Marines School of Music, Deal, Kent*
Finlow, Lilian, *3 Clarence House, Granville Road, Eastbourne*
Heasman, Mrs Ernestine, *23 The Green, St Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex*
Hampshire, Mary, *2 Haggstone Drive, Oughtibridge, Nr Sheffield*

Harper, Alison, *Flat 14, Harborne Park Road, Birmingham, 17*
 Johnson, Stephen, *P.O. Box 24, Stuttonheim, Cape Province, SA*
 Judd, Margaret, *The Elms, Brackley, Northants*
 McLeod, James, *Trinity College, Glenalmond, Perthshire*
 Merritt, Joyce, *Winterfold, Lazonbey, Nr Penrith, Cumberland*
 Moss, A K, *26 Abbey Drive, Bury, Lancs*
 Penlington, Bessie M, *21 Austen Drive, Bramley, Rotherham, Yorkshire*
 Rowling, Mrs J (née Patten), *14 Broad Meadows, Sunderland, Co Durham*
 Sawbridge, E H F (née Hayes), *Highwood, Hertford Heath, Hertford*
 Spottiswoode, Daphne, *76 Pelham Court, Leverstock Green, Hemel Hempstead*
 Willoughby, Mrs Enid A, *Duskins, The Cleave, Kingsand, Cawsand, Cornwall*
 Willoughby, George, *Duskins, The Cleave, Kingsand, Cawsand, Cornwall*

Overseas Members

Alva, Robert, *9 Bell Street, Booragul, Lake Maquarie, NSW, Australia*
 Asboe, Raymond K, *41 Castle Street, Castle Hill, NSW, Australia*
 Beveridge, Mrs K M, *c/o PO Box 288, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia*
 Blofeld-Moody, Mrs W, *Flat 3, 333 Military Road, Henley Beach, S Australia*
 Monks, Mrs (June Marrable), *PO Box 701, Salisbury, Rhodesia*
 Ullman, David, *Christchurch Grammar School, Perth, Western Australia*

RAM Concerts

(Michaelmas and Lent Terms)

First Orchestra

1 December

Elgar 'The Dream of Gerontius', Op 38
Conductor Sir John Barbirolli
Soloists Robert King (Gerontius) Hugh Sheehan (The Priest)
 Peter Bamber (Soul of Gerontius) Sylvia Swan (Angel)
 Christopher Field (Angel of the Agony)
Leader Marion Turner

24 January

Beethoven Overture 'Coriolan', Op 63
Grieg Piano Concerto in A minor, Op 16
Strauss 'Ein Heldenleben', Op 40
Conductor Maurice Handford
Soloist Judith Burton (piano)
Leader Marion Turner

18 March

Riisager Trumpet Concertino in C, Op 29
Weber Bassoon Concerto in F, Op 75
Schumann Cello Concerto in A minor, Op 129
Vaughan Williams A London Symphony
Conductor Maurice Handford
Soloists William Houghton (trumpet) John Price (bassoon)
 Thomas Igloi (cello)
Leader Marion Turner

Chamber Orchestra

3 December

Bach Suite No 1 in C, BWV 1066
Janáček Capriccio for Piano (left hand) and wind instruments
Busoni Clarinet Concertino, Op 48
Webern Symphony, Op 21
Conductor Maurits Sillem
Soloists Hugh Petter (piano) Robert Hill (clarinet)
Leader Peter Cropper

Choral Concert

16 February

Poulenc Stabat Mater
 Song-Cycle 'Banalités'
 Gloria
Conductor Frederic Jackson
Soloists Norma Burrows (soprano) Nigel Wickens (baritone)
 Christopher Elton (piano) Donna-Faye Carr (soprano)
Leader Peter Cropper

Second Orchestra

7 December

Mendelssohn Overture 'Ruy Blas', Op 95
Delius 'On Hearing the first Cuckoo in Spring'
Elgar Cello Concerto in E minor, Op 85 (III & IV)
Brahms Symphony No. 2 in D, Op 73
Conductor Maurice Miles
Soloist Clive Gillinson (cello)
Leader Eugene Danks

22 March

Beethoven Overture 'Leonora No 2', Op 72a
Mozart Piano Concerto in D minor, K 466 (I)
Elgar Serenade in E minor, Op 20
Liszt 'Les Préludes'
Conductors Maurice Miles
 and members of the Conductors' Course: John Arnold
 Julian Hodgson Michael Hutton
Soloist Eleanor Wong (piano)
Leader Keith Gurry

Chamber Concerts

2 December (am)

Bennett Three Verses (John Donne)
 Chamber Choir
Conductor Christopher Bowers-Broadbent
Brian Chapple (student) Quartet (1965)
 Anthony Winter (clarinet) John Pignéguy (horn)
 Avril MacLennan (violin) Philip Pilkington (piano)
Stravinsky Elegy for JFK (1964)
 Stephen Adams (tenor) Robert Hill Richard Addison
 Anthony Winter (clarinets)
Philip Pilkington (student) Piano Piece No 6
 Philip Pilkington (piano)
David Lord (student) 'Dim as borrowed beams' (Dryden)
Christopher Bowers-Broadbent (student) 'On Trust'; 'On Peace'
 Chamber Choir
Conductor Christopher Bowers-Broadbent

Britten Sinfonietta, Op 1

Judith Pearce (flute) Christine Geer (oboe) Robert Hill (clarinet)
David Catchpole (bassoon) Gordon Carr (horn) Peter Oxer
Susan Chambers Keith Gurry John Hudson John Chataway
Deryck Wareing Paul Frowde Janet Thoday (violins) Carol Allen
Raymond Richardson (violas) Thomas Igloi Heather Brearley
(cellos) Barry Young (double bass)

Conductor John Arnold

2 December (pm)

Mozart Sonata in A, K 526

Peter Cropper (violin) Catherine Dubois (piano)

Françaix Wind Quintet

Bergliot Havnevik (flute) Heather Daniell (oboe)

Richard Addison (clarinet) David Catchpole (bassoon)

David Cripps (horn)

Shostakovich Piano Trio in E minor, Op 67

Rosalind Bevan (piano) Nina Martin (violin) Peter Worrall (cello)

3 February

Fauré 'La bonne chanson', Op 61

Joyce Jarvis (contralto) Peter Uppard (piano)

Bach Brandenburg Concerto No 5 in D, BWV 1050

Nadia-Myra Grindea (harpsichord) Bryan Dargie (violin) Brenda
Street (flute) Eugene Danks Michael Adamson Angus Anderson
(violins) Raymond Richardson Allen Thomas (violas) Thomas
Igloi (cello) Malcolm Hawkins (double bass)

Jacob Trio (1960)

Valerie Dickson (piano) Margaret Wright (flute) Helen Powell
(oboe)

17 February

Vivaldi Concerto in D minor

Arthur McConnell (violin) Malcolm Hill (organ) Nina Martin
Jacqueline Soo Angus Anderson Michael Adamson (violins)
Ian Pillow Nicholas Pulos (violas) Peter Worrall Clive Gillinson
(cellos) Barry Young (double bass) Rosalind Bieber (harpsi-
chord)

Mozart Trio in E flat, K 498

Nicholas Searls (piano) Cynthia Mackinson (clarinet) Luciano
Jorio (viola)

Pergolesi Stabat Mater

Ruth Ottmann (soprano) Joyce Jarvis (contralto) Thomas
Blackburn Deryck Wareing (violins) Raymond Richardson
(viola) Myra Chahin (cello) Jonathan Cohen (harpsichord)
Chamber Choir

Conductor John Constable

15 March

Spohr Nonet in F, Op 31

Judith Pearce (flute) Christine Geer (oboe) Robert Hill (clarinet)
John Schroder (bassoon) David Cripps (horn) Marion Turner
(violin) Raymond Richardson (viola) Bernard Smith (cello)
Martin Randall (double bass)

Brahms Trio in A minor, Op 114

Judith Burton (piano) Brian O'Rourke (clarinet) Peter Worrall
(cello)

Debussy String Quartet

Peter Cropper (violin) Eugene Danks (violin) Roger Bigley (viola)
Bernard Smith (cello)

17 March

Stockhausen Klavierstücke V, VII & VIII (1964)

Philip Pilkington (piano)

Christopher Brown (student) Wind Quintet (1964) Anthea Cox
(flute) Helen Powell (oboe) Robert Hill (clarinet) John Schroder
(bassoon) Jeffrey Bryant (horn)

Ives Anti-Abolitionist Riots (1965)

Anthony Hymas (piano)

John Schooley (student) Partita (1965)

William Houghton Iaan Wilson (trumpets) David Horler (trom-
bone) David Honeyball (tuba)

Stravinsky Concerto in E flat ('Dumbarton Oaks') (1938)

Judith Pearce (flute) Robert Hill (clarinet) David Cripps Anthony
Gladstone (horns) John Schroder (bassoon) Peter Oxer

Margaret Robertson Paul Frowde (violins) Allen Thomas

Raymond Richardson William Clark (violas) Clive Gillinson

(cello) Barry Young Michael Rousell (double basses)

Conductor John Arnold

Concerts

23 September

Telemann Sonata in D

Bernard Smith (cello) Peter Pettinger (piano)

Beethoven Sonata in A flat, Op 110

Judith Burton (piano)

Duparc Three songs

Peter Bamber (tenor) Christopher Elton (piano)

Ravel Pièce en forme de Habanera

Beethoven Variations on a theme from Mozart's 'Die Zauber-
flöte'

Bernard Smith (cello) Peter Pettinger (piano)

18 November

Bach Suite No 1 in G, BWV 1007

Santiago Carvalho (cello)

Fauré Variations in C sharp minor, Op 73

John Harrington (piano)

Seiber Divertimento

Anthony Winter (clarinet) Anthony Hymas (piano)

Prokofiev Sonata No 4 in C minor, Op 29

Nicholas Searls (piano)

Christopher Bowers-Broadbent (student) Four Diversions

Christopher Bowers-Broadbent (organ)

Bach Cantata No 189 ('Meine Seele rühmt und preist')

William McKinney (tenor) Eugene Danks (violin) Andrew Collier
(flute) Christine Geer (oboe) John Arnold (cello) Malcolm Hill
(harpsichord)

6 January

Bach Sonata No 2 in D, BWV 1028

Heather Brearley (cello) Angela Carey (piano)

Schumann 'Frauenliebe und -Leben', Op 42

Joyce Jarvis (contralto) Jonathan Cohen (piano)

Messiaen La Nativité du Seigneur (VI)

Demessieux Te Deum

David Sanger (organ)

26 January

Schütz History of the Birth of Jesus Christ (1664)

Soloists Helen Greener (The Angel) John Duxbury (Evangelist)
Malcolm Singer (Herod)

Chamber Choir and Ensemble (*Leader* Eugene Danks)

Conductor Clifford Mould

Evening recitals were given by **Wendy Eathorne** (8 December)
and **Gillian Smith** (9 February)

An 'Opera Workshop' was staged in the theatre on 26 and 29
November. Director of Opera John Streets, Conductor Anthony
Randall, Producer Pauline Stuart, with Mary Nash and Valda
Plucknett at two pianos.

Items included:

Mozart 'Così fan tutte' (Act I Scene I)

Gene West/John Carter William Elvin/Malcolm Singer

Christopher Field

Tchaikovsky 'Eugene Onegin' (Act I Scene I)

Elizabeth Porter Penelope Lister Rosanne Creffield Joyce
Jarvis/Helen Attfield Robert King Hugh Sheehan Raymond
Jones Marion Bryfdir Rosemary Williams Aline Blain Gillian
Walker

Britten 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (part of Act III)

Christopher Field Robert King Malcolm Smith Raymond Jones
Paul Sherrell Anthony Feltham Alan Judd Hugh Sheehan
Clifford Mould Rosemary Williams Gillian Walker Ruth Ottman

Verdi 'Don Carlo' (part of Act IV)

Alan Charles Keith Jones Paul Sherrell Alan Judd Malcolm
Smith Joyce Jarvis

Debussy 'L'enfant prodigue'

Gillian Walker/Barbara McFerran William Elvin Gene West

Review Week

Review Week in the Michaelmas Term (29 November-3 December)
was largely devoted to the final rehearsals and the performance
(in St Paul's Cathedral) of Elgar's 'The Dream of Gerontius'
under Sir John Barbirolli; there was also a concert by the
Chamber Orchestra (Maurits Sillem) and two chamber concerts,
the first of them arranged by the RAM New Music Club. Review
Week in the Lent Term (14-18 March) included a concert by the
First Orchestra (Maurice Handford), two Chamber Concerts (the
second of them arranged by the RAM New Music Club), and a
Recital by Diploma Students of the Conservatoire Royal de
Musique, Brussels. There were lectures on 'Indian Music—The
Grandeur and Misery of Rhythm' (Wade Gaonkar); 'African
Music' (The Rev A A M Jones); and 'The Significance of Music'
(The Principal).

A Recital by Diploma Students of the Amsterdam Conserva-
torium was given on 22 February.

RAM Magazine

The RAM Magazine is published twice a year (in June and
November) and is sent free to all members on the roll of the RAM
Club. Members are invited to forward to the Editor news of their
activities which may be of interest to readers, and the Editor will be
glad to hear from any members who would like to contribute
longer articles, either on musical or on general subjects. All
correspondence should be addressed to: The Editor, RAM
Magazine, Royal Academy of Music, York Gate, Marylebone
Road, London, NW1.

